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Judge

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DEMOCRACY'S NEW TOY.

"I touch the button, they do the rest."

PUBLISHED ONCE A WEEK.

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I. M. GREGORY, *Editor*.

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MOTTO FOR IRELAND—Divided we stand, united we fall.

* * *

SENATOR STANFORD is a good man who weighs several million dollars.

* * *

BONE-GRAFTING—The man recovers from the graft, the dog it is that dies.

* * *

TO MR. CLEVELAND—What do you think of the unstuffing system of Mr. Succi?

* * *

ANYTHING will do for a mistletoe. The main question is whether the girl likes it.

* * *

T. B. REED will get a present of a certificate of re-election, a very rare thing among people of his variety now.

* * *

JUDGE THURMAN having quit taking snuff, a large portion of the Democratic party will cease to know when to sneeze.

* * *

THE FARMERS of the alliance expect the world in their Christmas stockings, and they won't get enough of it to put a hoe in.

* * *

GENERAL ALGER may easily find the second position in his hosiery; but he can go on praying for the first just the same.

* * *

THE EDITOR of the New York *Herald* in his nomination of Dana for the senate acts, not like a stuffed prophet, but like a stuffed goose.

* * *

IT WOULD be well to make the Indian work, as General Sherman says; but it would require two white men to each Indian, and a third to watch them and see that they didn't steal his earnings and kill him for his hide.

* * *

WE HAD better buy the Sandwich islands. That would take away from Kalakaua his title, so that he need not be received by other nations with royal honors; and besides the purchasers could easily win the money back from his majesty at the royal game of poker.

TERSE.

MRS. ENTERNOU (*as Enternou comes in early Christmas morning*)—"Well, William!"
WILLIAM (*thickly*)—"No, madam; ill."

THE LATER POLITICAL QUACK.

IF THE Republican measures passed in the last congress to lessen the unusable revenues of the government, to cheapen the poor man's sugar, to develop domestic industry and give enlarged employment, to shift the burdens from labor by increased tax on goods consumed by the rich, had been thoroughly understood, this policy would have been indorsed by popular approval. If there had been time to check and expose Democratic misrepresentation, it is beyond a question that a part at least of the present financial distrust would have been lessened, if it could not have been wholly avoided. There was no mendacity left unworded, no sordid appeal unused, no suppression or distortion unshaped, no jugglery but was performed. Every Democratic ink-stand held a conscious Ananias. The surplus was a Republican crime. The measures to diminish it were another. The public debt was a calamity laminated with southern suffering and protest. Its payment was another. Manufacturers were denounced as leeches living on the vitals of the people, and still hungry. The misled and uncritical voters were imposed on by this premeditated mendacity.

† † †

Recently there was published a long list, in a Democratic newspaper, of about two hundred men, each owner of many millions. Yet only two in this statement of vast wealth were manufacturers, and neither of these, as is well known, achieved his great fortune from his business. Are the Vanderbilts, Astors, Goelets, Goulds, Rockefellers, Flaglers, Sages and others of colossal fortunes manufacturers? Wealth is not largely won in this way. Competence may be, competition prevents more. The vast fortunes were harvested in other fields. Yet the political demagogue deluded the voter by the statement that all riches were achieved by the manufacturer at the expense of the people. The credulous victim bought his green goods with his ballot.

† † †

The general glorification from Gotham to the gulf over the late political success is a reminder of a similar rejoicing, years ago, by similar patriots over the federal repulse at Bull Run. The victorious Democracy, however, is threatened by the overheating of its blood. It has howled against wealth, denounced competency, and asserted that the people (whites) are but serfs. It has preached that property is unjustly divided and that law deprives man of his inalienable heritage; that capitalists and colored men have, in fact, no rights. Governor Tillman of South Carolina denounces the declaration of independence and uses as a door-mat that hitherto respectable document. The inevitable result of such harangues has been to develop a new political force, and the farmers' alliance is the mongrel product, born of ignorance and discontent. This Frankenstein threatens to immolate its creator, and is piloting the party it has lassoed to the brink of destruction. Brother Mills in his pre-election speeches advocated free trade, the abolition of customs duties, the imposition of a land and income tax for the support of the government, and posed as the drum-major of the new political band that recently adjourned at Ocala. The old Democracy, lost to its earlier traditions under the new mask, appeals to every socialistic instinct that would stimulate laziness to rob labor.

† † †

What farcical statesmanship is this "alliance" platform! Free silver and a depreciated currency. Government loans at a low per cent. on land. Federal control of rail-transportation and the telegraph. Money advances on warehoused farm products. Denunciation of every measure to make the ballot south and north the unsuppressed voice of the voter. Condemning class legislation, yet advocating benefits only for a class. Are not the shoemaker and the carpenter and the single house-owner entitled in proportion to their investment to the same cheap loan-helping?

† † †

The Argentine republic, with a population made up from and reenforced by the immigration of European socialists, has sadly tried this experiment. There the government built or backed the railroads, and loaned its credit on lands, and on every project that had a rainbow promise. Real money was soon frightened out of the country and gold reached two hundred and fifty premium, until the interest on its unearning enterprises was defaulted. One of the elements of our present financial trouble comes from this cause. European holders of American securities, losing faith in foreign investments, have poured into our market every stock salable, and have thus drained us of millions. There is added to this the embarrassment of the greed of vast importations of foreign goods purchased to profit by the tariff advance; goods now to be paid for, but unsalable on a glutted and a lower and losing market. Are we to follow the South American insanity? Are there not some strong hands and level heads even in the Democratic party that will asylum the leaders of this latest political frenzy?

J. A.

WHEN SANDY CLAUS CUMS SNEAKIN' ROUND.

WHEN Sandy Claus comes sneakin' round
'Ith his ole pung an' span o' deer,
An' all the air rings 'ith good cheer—
Thet's jes' about the time o' year
I feel es if I'd like to live—
When Sandy Claus cums sneakin' round.

A feller feels he can't be downed,
You see, when things is bright an' gay,
An' skies hes turned to blue from gray,
An' fall's dead leaves hes blowed away.
"I hev no use," he sez, "fer 'blues,'"
When Sandy Claus cums sneakin' round.

A feller's heart, b'gosh! ain't bound
By no blame strings a' Crismus-time
Gets on its legs an' seems to climb,
A-thumpin' out a jinglin' chime
O' hearty cheer—the time o' year
When Sandy Claus cums sneakin' round.

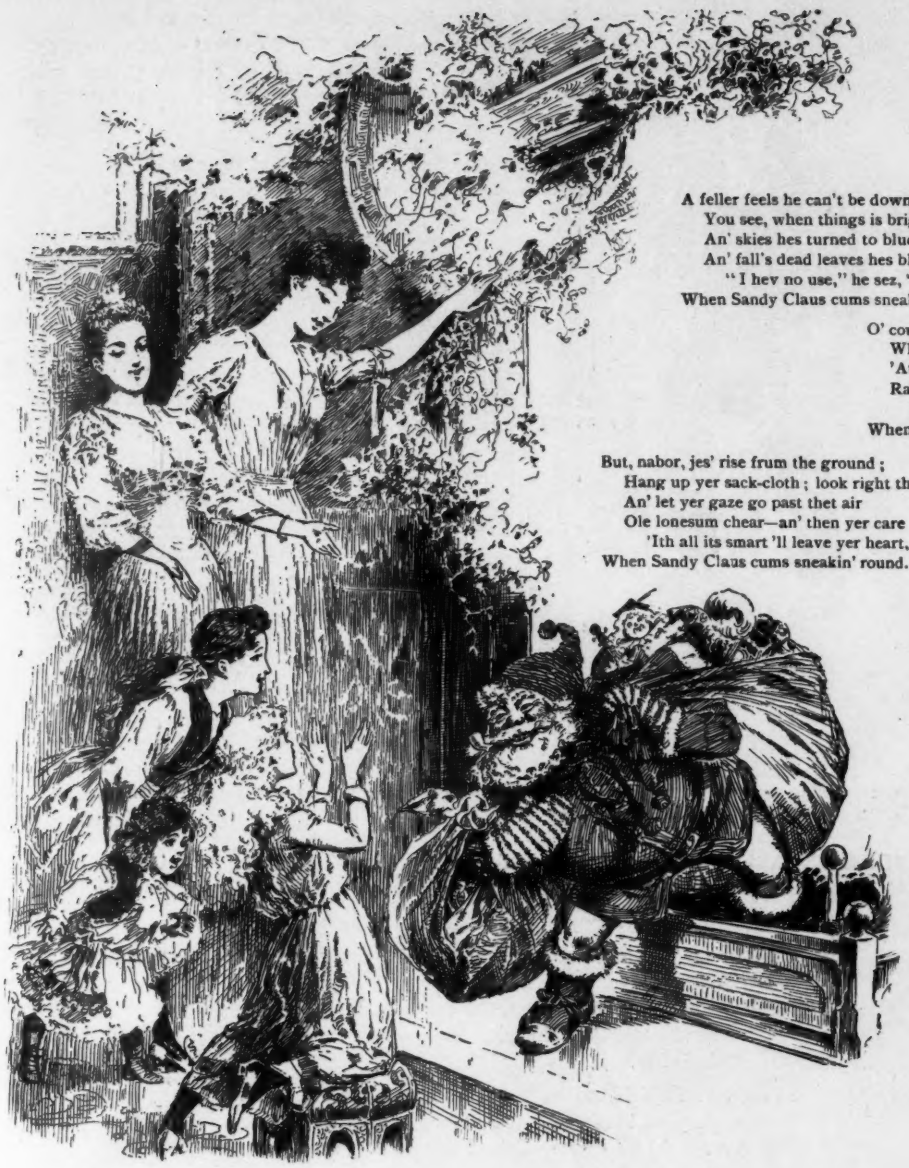
O' course sometimes a home is found
Where stan's a idle, lonely chear,
'At only glis'ens when a tear
Rains from the clouds o' utter drear
Wot heavy lies acrost the skies,
When Sandy Claus cums sneakin' round.

But, nabor, jes' rise frum the ground;
Hang up yer sack-cloth; look right there,
An' let yer gaze go past thet air
Ole lonesum chear—an' then yer care
'Ith all its smart 'll leave yer heart,
When Sandy Claus cums sneakin' round.

Ole Jack Fros's quilt spread on the ground,
An' things so sort o' snappin' cool
The childurn drether be in school,
Er p'raps 'way out on Higgs's pool,
Would, 'pears to me, suit to a t,
When Sandy Claus cums sneakin' round.

When Sandy Claus cums sneakin' round,
An' folks is actin' kind o' sly,
Es if a chap wud try and pry
Into ther doin's; it's then sez I,
"It suits, b'gosh! yer Uncle Josh,
When Sandy Claus cums sneakin' round.

K. C. TAPLEY.



THOSE FANCY LAMP-SHADES.

SQUIRE HAWBUCK—"Wall, I swan! I don't see what air use they hev fer them parasols in the dead of winter."

A GENTLE HINT.

MISTRESS—"That was a very nice letter of Patrick's, offering you marriage, Mary. What shall I say in reply for you?"

MARY—"Tell him, mum, if you plaze, that when I get my wages raised next month, mum, that I'll begin to save for the weddin' things."

THE IRISH QUESTION—"Mickey, wud ye dare thread on the tail o' me coat?"

* * *

OUT WEST they recently hung up a pair of stockings in a curious way—that is to say, the horse-thief continued to occupy them.

* * *

THE BEST PART of the Christmas comes about six in the morning, when the stockings are unloaded; and the worst part at that identical hour, because you lose that health-bearing and priceless last nap.

* * *

MR. DEPEW never eats or drinks at the evening dinner. Most people do, but they can't talk. How would it do to have dinners without meat or drink? Not the Christmas dinner, however—not that, not that!

HUM OF THE COURT.

HIS GRIEF no words can palliate who has no funds to celebrate.

HANG UP your stocking, Harrison, and get the people's praise, "Well done."

THE STOCKING in the fireside's glow must bulge all round from top to toe.

A CHRISTMAS WISH—That every spinster may find her man and every bachelor his spinster.

WE HOPE that before another Christmas the Hon. William Nye will take a scalp and learn how to comb his hair.

A FULL STOMACH and a full stocking on Christmas to even the enemy; but he must look out for his own dyspepsia.

SANTA CLAUS must look out for the electric wires; otherwise he'll come to his end long before he comes to that of his journey.

THERE IS A SHADOW of hope for the mean man with no Christmas in him, for he does some little justice to humanity by hating himself.

A COMPARISON.

YOUNG LADY—"Jack, you do so remind me of a gentleman I met at the De Robinsons' last Christmas."
JACK (*interested*)—"Indeed?"
YOUNG LADY—"Yes; he was an odd-looking, insignificant little fellow. Everybody was laughing at him." (*Jack is delighted.*)

MR. DANA will find in his stocking, not the senatorship, but a large amount of *Herald* reading-matter advertising for which he never paid a cent.

THE WOMEN of the Methodist Episcopal church want to be permitted to join in church discussions; but really, really! some little time ought to be given the parson to do the preaching.

THE EMPTY STOCKING on Christmas morning tells of an emptiness of heart for which the judicious as well as the humane should grieve. It is cruelty that cannot be repaired in a year.

LORD TENNYSON was asked to write a comic opera for a thousand dollars. So we do not believe he is half as old as he looks, whatever may be the tenderness of the man who did the asking.

HENRY STANLEY often remarks, "Now hush up! If you say another word I'll repeat the story of the rear guard." Then you can hear a pin drop, and that's how he keeps peace in *his* family.

THE DEMOCRATIC majority in Virginia this year is over sixty-four thousand. When one looks back to the fall of Richmond one feels how alarmingly that town has resumed its perpendicular.

HER KNIGHT-ERRANT.

THE BANKER—"Where is he?"
THE BANKER'S DAUGHTER—"Papa, Haworth Daingerfield is at least manly. When he heard your terrible invectives as you came down-stairs, he strode out haughtily with the remark that he loved me too much to make a scene."

THE RECALL of Mizner failed to partake of the nature of an encore, perhaps because it was too late to get somebody to continue the performance by killing another man.

NO MAN can make others happy without finding that he has unconsciously been doing that very thing for himself. Give everybody a farm on Christmas and there'll be no need of dying to go to glory.

THE KAISER, according to an exchange, let himself out at a recent conference on higher education; but when he said that education was the best cure of socialism it might have been appropriate to call himself in.

"NO," SAID ST. PETER to an applicant for admission. "There were several empty stockings on your block, and you didn't contribute to them so much as the hope that somebody else would fill them. Take the road to the left and march on."

ON DANGEROUS GROUND.

AUNT ROSANNA—"I took the liberty of instructing your *modiste* to have your ball-dresses cut with regard to the requirements of what promises to be a cold winter, my dears."
CLEMENTINE—"We don't get half a show, do we, Bess?"

WHAT THE BELL SAID TO THE TOWN CLOCK.

THE hours they come, the days they go;
The years grow white with Christmas snow,
Or green with the youth of spring ablow,
Or mellow with autumn's richer glow—
This that is now was the long ago.

Come gently, Time, and touch us fair
As the drift of snow, as the summer air,
As the crackling frost that shows no sign
To blaze the way to its work malign;
For youth is tender and age is chill,
And the years to thee have brought no ill:
Good truth, but you're sweeter every spring
Than the love that goes with the wedding-ring,
And June had never a richer rose
Than they of thy cheeks, and eke thy nose.

For, Time, thou capering, jibbering beau,
Grinning thy way to the mistletoe
With simpering step and hollow chest,
With empty head and laughless jest,
The sprig of holly upon thy breast
Is yet the type of thyself next May.
For never for thee is the yesterday,
And of all the world and all its sorrow
It is only thee that scorns the morrow;
Thou cavernous fraud that canst not die,
Whose bones laugh out to the Christmas sky
Alike for the past and the by-and-by,
In ninety days, I'll bet my hat,
Thou'lt be so round that thou'lt drip with fat.

And youth is love and age is gay,
Whether of Time or his mate Alway,
Through the frost and snow of the Christmas-day,
When every game is the give-away;
So bring to us, Time, the rainbows bright,
Snatch the moon from its perilous height,
Diamonds we want for our souls' delight.
What is too great for us? That is dearth
Which asks that it merely may have the earth;
And every stocking yawns so wide
That the universe might get inside.

But, Time, sweet sir, companion, friend,
Put down thine ear, thy shoulders bend:
Brush thy gray beard to the whispered word
That is always felt but is seldom heard—
For youth, like age, has its chiefest bliss
In the time gone by, and not in this—
Bring back to us old-time apple-blows
That gave the orchards their spring-time snows;
Call back for us old-time harvest moons,
And those long, long summer afternoons;
Bring us a breeze from the far-away,
Some smells of lilac, some boys at play;
A smile, a tear, a laugh, a sigh
From the where-away that has long gone by;
Give us the line with a twisted pin,
A swirl of the water that it went in;
And widen again the vaulted high
That has grown so small it seems near by.

For this is the day for youth, and when
Of all the older children of men
Not one but would have his youth again.

I. M. GREGORY.

AN EQUIVOCAL REPLY.

ERNESTINE—"When I get old and haggard and uninteresting, Horace, will you love me then as now?"

HORACE (*glancing at his new mother-in-law*)—"Well, er—sweetheart, I shall certainly have an almighty lot of respect for you."

WHO GETS THE PRESENT?

Quizzell—"What will you give your girl Christmas?"

Sharpleigh—"Well, that depends; if she says yes Christmas eve I shall give her a seal-skin sack; if she says no I suppose I shall have to let her give me the sack."

AN ORDER FORESTALLED.

ANATHEMA CARLISLE (*dreaming of better days*)—"Waiter! bring me a small bottle and—er—(*snore*)—and—er—er—(*snore*)—a couple of pig's-feet."

CHRISTMAS IS THE TIME

WHEN even the meanest man can find a bad penny to place in the collection-box.

When most men are glad because they have a week left to sin in before turning over new leaves.

When people say they have paid out a great deal of money for gifts, but they haven't.

When your sweetheart expects the earth and most people a corner lot.

When nightmare rides rampant in the wake of the complex pudding.

When the proprietors of the large dry-goods houses look through the stock quotations for new investments.

When the small boy has a picnic and his father an excursion—into his bank account.

When the homeliest miss may taste the delicious sweets of osculation if she knows where the mistletoe is and how to get there.

When the tramp smacks his lips with anticipation at the possible magnitude and deliciousness of the crumbs left for him.

H. M. L.

A SURPRISE party—Kriss Kringle.

"WHAT'S Christmas," snarled a dyspeptic, "but a gift enterprise?"

THE DIAMOND EDITION'S CHRISTMAS DINNER.

I DIDN'T eat it, that's all; but the dog, what's gin'rally satisfied with the crumbs what fall from the table, got my dinner, an' I kicked the dog, an' that's as near as *I* got to a Crissmuss dinner. I'd be'n bein' a good little boy fur sum time; this wuz out of my reg'lar line, an' I pulled the wool over all their eyes 'cept pa's. It's wonderful the eyes my pa has got fur seein' 'head an' solvin' the problem in a nice little boy's mind like such as I carry under my 6¼ hat. Pa's a mind-reader, he is. He can jist sit down an' burn his way clean through a feller's gizzard, an' he duz it so easy-sort that it don't seem to hurt nuthin'—nuthin' but the boy who's fun an' Crissmuss dinner gits warped all out of shape, an' which is 8 by a dog, an' which dog is kicked by jist sich a nice boy as I am. "Willyum Henery," sed pa, as he gave me a lot 'er money to buy a pair of skates, leavin' the rest that wuz over to spend fur oysters fur my lady-luv, "go, my gentile chile, an' purchase the best you can git fur the modest stipend, but don't tarry with the seal-brown sole-leather dice-box when the *papier-maché* chicken is up fur a raffle."

I accepted my pa's gorgeous stipend, an' went an' bought the skates, an' struck a sample-room, an' I indulged in gambolin'. I won the chicken, an' I sot up the soder-water, an' the chicken wuz won ag'in by me. It muster be'n the soder-water what got in my head, or p'raps it wuz the hot coffee, or the smell of the cellerloid dice or sumthin' like that sort. When I quit I wuz out awfully, an' full awfully 'way up to my front bang. I had seven dollars an' ten cents when I quit gambolin'. I went out an' give a karol-singer the seven dollars an' took his "Gord bless yer," an' my ten cents to a street-car an' hied me hum. I got hum late, wrung the nob off the door-bell, wuz pulled into the hall, kicked a yeller dog what 'noculated the door-mat with fleas—an' wuz soaked in brine an' putter bed. When I asked fur my Crissmuss dinner pa sed the yeller dog had gottid; also, he sed that I wuz sowin' my oats sum early, an' that my Aunt Sairy had changed her will, an' that my name wuz "Cheap Clay"; but next Crissmuss I intend to be a nice little boy.

H. S. KELLER.

TOPICAL.

MRS. HOWCAME—"Ferdie, isn't your hair getting a little long?"
MR. HOWCAME (*who has been shorted on gas-stocks*)—"Yes, madam. For heaven's sake let it grow! I need it in my business."

A LITTLE FUN AT HOEPEL'S.

PAPA HOEPEL—"Vere ish he's fader's pet? I dthink me he vos losd!"

BABY HOEPEL—"Here he vos!"

NOTHING LIKE IT.

STOUTER—"Ah, there's nothing like one of these easy, canvas-seat chairs to throw one's self in when one is tired."

FEMININE SPITE.

He—"I think you are rather prudish. My other girl never objected to getting under the mistletoe."

She—"But just remember how homely she was."

QUITE.

Maddox—"Congressman Bullock of Florida has thirteen children."

Gazzam—"Isn't that almost a quorum?"

THE BAD BOY.

IT IS shocking, my boy,
To find that St. Nick
Has put a big stick
In your stocking, my boy.

SOPH'S RETURN.

(*Christmas, 1890.*)

TEN O'CLOCK.

Brown on top and as tough as a pine-knot. I'll just clap a pan over his breast-bone. Fine turkey that. Killed and picked him yesterday, but couldn't get those confounded little pin-feathers off to save myself; held him over the fire as I've seen Soph do; but he fell in and got as black as a coon. Mopped him off with the dish-rag, but he was so streaked I just ripped the skin clean off the breast, and got him well in the oven before I thought of his insides. Put him back on the table and spooned out his interior. Shoveled him full of crackers, greased him well with the strong butter that Soph said was good enough for cooking, and rubbed him well with salt and pepper—half a cup each. Couldn't thread the darning-needle; fastened him up with hair-pins and set him afloat in the dripping-pan.

"!!!——!!!——D——d!"

Sophy, my wife, couldn't come home before Christmas. Been to take care of Aunt Silence, who's had whooping-cough at sixty. Expect she'll arrive to-day at noon. Fearing she'd be hungry and too fagged out to feel like work, thought I'd surprise her with a nice Christmas tur——

A SKATING-LESSON.

HE SPOKE in sentences condensed,
Yet said enough.
Sometimes I wildly bumped against
Her furry muff.

Sometimes her lovely weight half hurled
Me from my feet,
Nor would I miss for all the world
This onslaught sweet.

Sometimes with both dear hands she clung
In dire alarm;
Again, quite calm, she merely hung
Upon my arm.

Oh, moonlit night! oh, silvery ring
Of skaters' steel!
With fingers locked we glide and swing,
We carol and reel.

I feel her skirt that flutters warm
Against my knees,
I turn and twist her pliant form
With graceful ease.

Last—kneeling, draw the straps apart
From ankle neat;
My gloves are in her lap—my heart
Is at her feet.

* * * * *

A half-forgotten memory—
Yet, at a word
How clearly it comes back to me!
Just now I heard

My eldest-born, my handsome Claude,
(Oh, smile of fate!)
Coaxing her lovely daughter Maud
To learn to skate!

M. S. BRIDGES.

FRED—"What is the mattah, George? You appeah to be weahwy."

GEORGE—"I don't feel wewy fit, Fwed. I am weahwy of Amewica. The lowah classes are so deucedly incompwehensible. I went to the mill-girls' ball last night, quite chawitably disposed towawds their amusements. I awsked a most chawming cweature to dawnce. She wested her eyes upon me in a mannah highly wep-wehensible and awsked me if I was a bwack-comb. 'A bwack-comb!' I wepeated; 'how do I wesemble a bwack-comb?' 'Because you're so stuck-up.' By Jove! the working-people of Amewica are weahly growing wewy outwageous."

NO HARM DONE.

MRS. LONGACRE (*recently divorced*)—"Pardon me, were you addressing me?"

BERRIMAN—"N-no, madam; I merely remarked that you were a regal-looking woman."

MRS. LONGACRE (*sweetly*)—"How stupid of me. I thought you said 'legal.'"

Whew! I forgot to baste the creature . . . . . Ah! the aroma from that insect makes my mouth water and my knees fairly knock together.

Set the table early this morning so I could feast my eyes on it whenever I passed through the dining-room. For a centre-piece there's the schweitzer cheese surrounded by oranges. Half a dozen boxes of sardines with lemons on top stand just west of it. Baker's bread, can of tomatoes and package of peanut candy at Soph's plate complete the ——

There! Forgot to put out the pitcher for milk. Wanted to mash the potatoes. They're all boiled to bits, I declare! I'll put them in the flour-sieve to drain and pick out the skins with a fork.

Eleven o'clock. Jolly! Turkey getting tender, and I'm almost starved.

Sticks to the pan and I can't get him up, but Soph won't mind getting him on the platter if I do all the cooking.

Just freshened him up with a dipper of cold water. Thought it might loosen him from the pan. Such a smoke! Ashes flew into my eyes until I'm nearly blind. Won't touch him again till Soph comes home. Needs as much care as a baby. Burned my hand, spilled grease over my best trousers, got ashes all over my hair, and am as stiff as a poker bending down to baste the infernal ——

Twelve o'clock!—and what's that?—the bell! I fly—it's Sophy—Hooray! Merry Christmas!—Merry Christmas to the whole world!

IONE L. JONES.

PREACHES, BUT NO PRACTICE.

"WHO is that frightfully-dressed woman that you just recognized?'

"That is Madame Prim, editor of a fashion magazine."

JUST THE THING.

MAIDEN, I am sorely tried
What to do this Christmas-tide.
Costly gifts I would bestow,
At your feet my fond heart throw;
But—
Valued gifts you'll not accept,
"For," you say, "mamma'll object."
Said the maid—the cunning elf—
"Why not offer then—yourself?"

LENA GILBERT FORD.

WHEN you tell a Boston girl that all you are going to give her for Christmas she can get in her stocking, somehow she doesn't seem to be a bit pleased.

CAPRICE.

MISS GLANCER—"Who is it?"

THE CALL-BOY—"A gent with a diamond necklace, lady."

MISS GLANCER—"Oh, bother! Tell him to leave it, and if the man with the pig's-feet comes, show him in. I'm 'most starved."

JUDGE'S CHRISTMAS GIFT TO LITTL

Sackett & Wilhelms Litho Co New York.

TO LITTLE SAM AND MISS COLUMBIA.

THE JUDGE'S TOAST.

(For Xmas eve.)

WHEN Xmas fires are crackling bright
Where holly wreaths hang high,
And children gather in their light
To talk of good things nigh,
The JUDGE will brew a Xmas bowl,
A bumper of good cheer,
While belfry-chimes a gay note toll
To speed the parting year.

Here's to the children's stockings hung
In many homes to-night;
Here's to the Xmas carol sung
Before the hearth-fire bright.
God bless the little ones asleep,
The babies' eyes of blue
That try to watch with drowsy peep
What Santa Claus will do.

Here's to the man who never laughs—
Who thinks a joke a bore;
Here's to the chap whose timely chaffs
Make many a hearty roar.
To grave and gay, to pretty girls
With smiles like sunshine rays,
And shimmering gold and nut-brown curls,
Here's joy and happy days!

To faithful friends forever dear,
Good health with hearty grasp.
To carping critics, far and near,
Good luck and kindly clasp.
To those who smile with us to-night,
To them that choose to frown,
We'll tip the foaming goblet bright,
And toast the wrinkles down!

The wine-drops shine like happy tears
Upon the sparkling glass,
Like joys that gem the hurrying years
That come and quickly pass.
Good luck! Good health!—a pledge for all
Who cluster in the blaze:
May merry Xmas blessings fall
And many Xmas days.

KATE MASTERSON.

PLACING HIM.

PATRICK O'DOWD—"He's not a nagur an' he's not a haythun. Begorra! he must be afther bein' one o' thim new craythurs thev call prohibitionists."

THE HONORABLE AMEND.

MR. COOTS—"Yas, yo' did!"
MR. FENDERSON—"Lemme up; I ain' did nuffin'."
MR. COOTS (*pressing down hard*)—"Yas, yo' did!"
MR. FENDERSON—"Whad' I do?"
MR. COOTS—"Tole Sam Garr'son I wuz a hybrid V'ginian!"
MR. FENDERSON—"'Fo' d' lawd! I said 'high-bred.'"

MR. COOTS—"I begs yo' pard'n."

AN ANSWER.

(To the author of "Lines on Finding an Old Portrait," a poem on page 20 of Christmas Judge.)

CARELESSLY glancing through
JUDGE's bright pages,
Dawned on my vision a fair maiden's face.
Long have I sought her—
My heart ever rages
Since I first saw her that day at the race.

Yes, I acknowledge 'twas
Love at first meeting.
Alas, I knew neither her name nor address,
And dared not, a stranger,
Offend her by greeting,
Nor touch the fair hand which you scorn to press.

Alas, to my sorrow my
Heart knows no turning,
Summer and winter I've loved her, you see.
Oh, hard-hearted monster! if
You have no yearning,
Tell me her name and leave some show for me.

C. W. C.

ALARMING.

INSANITY must be alarmingly on the increase in New York city, as recent police reports record the fact that the federal enumerators have left two hundred thousand people out of their census.

WOULDN'T TAKE A MEAN ADVANTAGE.

JONES had got mixed up in a duel and had already taken his position and was waiting for the signal to fire, when he suddenly noticed that his antagonist was more than aldermanic in his proportions. Feeling that this gave him an undue advantage, he whipped a piece of chalk from his pocket, rushed over to his opponent rapidly traced a circle somewhat the size of an ordinary human stomach and called out to the seconds, "Gentlemen, take notice that if my ball strikes outside this mark it doesn't count."

HEN-ROOST PHILOSOPHY.

(*Scene*—Farm-yard, with hen-roost, etc. *Time*—Midnight. Young darkey on the inside of fence passing fowl over to old darkey on the outside with a filled bag.)

Deacon Burnside (of Brewster station)—"Go slow, chile; doan' you drap nuffin' on dis 'casion, 'case we 'spec's city-folks dis Krismus, an' coons frum town nevah knows when t' quit stuffin' der skins when you puts biled birds in frunt uv 'em."

Young Rube (disciple of the deacon)—"Dis am de las' chick on de roos', uncle, an' ef yo' fren's frum de city doan' swell up 'nuff on dis load ob white meat den you'd bettah chuck in er lot o' snow-balls fur dessart!"

Deacon Burnside—"You pore chile; you doan' know de joys ob 'ligion. W'at yer heerd las' Sabbat' 'bout it bein' mo' blessed t' gib den t' take doan' 'pear t' hab tak'n er grip on yer interlek'."

Young Rube—"I doan' kno' nuffin' 'bout interlek, but I nevah kno'd a city moke yit dat didn' t'ink dere wer heep mo' joy in takin' t'ings den in gibbin' up a cent. An' I also can't he'p seein' dat de preachers who am all de time talkin' 'bout gibbin' nevah gib up nuffin'."

Deacon Burnside—"'Fo' de light o' de moon, Reuben, I 'spec you turn inter er rock er salt befo' sun-up! Massy on us! de chile mus' be hoodooed, suah!"

A PARLIAMENTARY CRITIC.

MEMBER FROM TAVISTOKE-UP-THE-FLUME, SURREY—"I want it put on record, Mr. Speaker, that in every essential I am a liberal of the liberals!"

COAT-ROOM ATTENDANT—"'Ear 'im, 'Arry! An' after tippin' me tuppence for 'anging hup 'is mackintosh."

People travel to learn; most ov them (before they start) should learn to travel.—*Josh Billings.*

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP for Children Teething; soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic and diarrhœa. 25 cents a bottle.

Mrs. Gazzam (reading the newspaper)—"Here's an article about 'A Fatal Flirtation.'" *Gazzam*—"They got married, did they?"—*Figaro.*

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria,
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria.
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria.
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

Foodlebright says he never could see why anything with quinine in it has to be shaken before taken, when that's just what you take it for to prevent doing your self. *Pharm. Era.*

Forty years of constant use—and still more valued than ever—Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup. Salvation Oil, the great pain-extinguisher, should be kept handy by all who handle tools.

Bronson—"Did you hear of the sad fate of poor Offaloffski the Russian?" *Johnson*—"No; what is it?" *Bronson*—"He got into an altercation with a fellow-countryman, and the other fellow pulled out a revolver and made Offaloffski eat his words. It killed him."—*Light.*

Tourist (in southern Missouri)—"Do people have malaria here?" *Native*—"Yaas, most of 'em." *Tourist*—"What do they do for it?" *Native*—"Waal, most of 'em die."—*General Manager.*

No Christmas and New Year's table should be without a bottle of Angostura Bitters, the world-renowned appetizer of exquisite flavor. Beware of counterfeits.

Citizen—"Yes, I have an umbrella that needs mending, but if I let you have it how am I to know that you will bring it back?" *Umbrella-mender*—"Haf no fear. I alvays sharge more for mending dan I could sell zee umbrella for."—*New York Weekly.*

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On another occasion a man visited the same intelligence office. He possessed wonderful courage, it is needless to say. Chaperoned by the proprietress of the establishment, he interviewed, or rather was examined by, several ladies who admitted their desire to rule kitchens and regulate households. One of them asked him the usual question as to the size of his household, and he admitted with brazen effrontery that he had a wife and four children. "I object to the children," she said. "Oh, that's easily settled," said he; "if you'll consent to cook for us we'll hang the children!" And he said it so seriously that under the cover of her amazement he beat a retreat in safety.—*Pittsburg Dispatch.*

Watts—"How is old man Gilfillan? Is he out of danger yet?" *Dr. Bowlesi*—"I don't know. He died this morning."—*Indianapolis Journal.*

"I shall now give you the effect of distance," he said to her, and he sang so low as to be scarcely heard. "A little further, please," she said cruelly, and he picked up his voice and went away with it into the chilly night. —*Washington Star.*

Oh, why should the spirit of mortal be proud?
The largest of men is soon lost in the crowd;
And the man who is talked about most never knows
That the world regards only the fit of his clothes.
Here's the truest of all things about man e'er said:
"The world never makes a man great—till he's dead."
—*Chicago Mail.*

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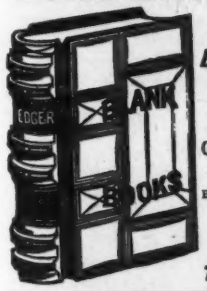

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Der leedle seed pooty gwick vas a tree, der child comes a man, a fish-lie on a leedle vhile nefer gets to been a trooth.

She clung to him and sobbed in heart-breaking sorrow. "Promise me, Harry," she pleaded, "that your last thought shall be of me?" "I promise, darling!" replied the strong man brokenly, as he strained her to his bosom and mingled his tears with hers. "I will die as becomes a brave man, but my last thought shall be of my own little Bessie!" One convulsive embrace, one last kiss, and he tore himself away from the fainting girl and rushed from the house. He was on his way to play in the rush-line at a game of foot-ball.—*Chicago Tribune.*

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There in warmth and peace to pass the wint'ry hours,
Where everything (save poetry) is destitute of rime,
And perennial the blooming of the flow'rs,
Come south!

When your flesh is slowly roasting and your blood is boiling o'er
With the mercury two hundred in the shade,
While you see your friends with sunstroke topple over by the score,
And your health and brains are stolen, lost or strayed,
Would you hie unto a country where delicious zephyrs play,
Ever laden with the jasmine and the rose,
Where, without the fear of melting into gelatine, you may
Of a summer night betake you to repose,
Come south!

—*Denis Mudd in New Orleans Times-Democrat.*

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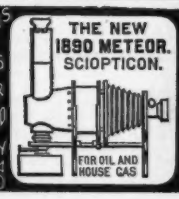

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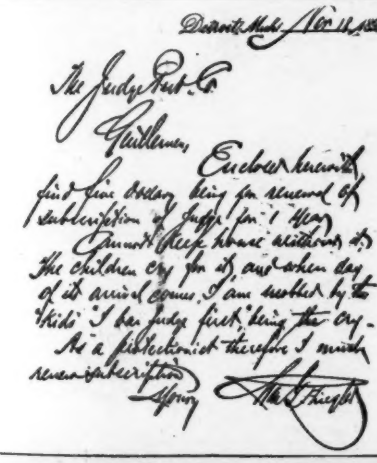
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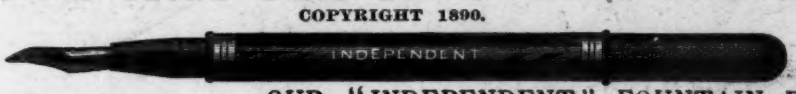

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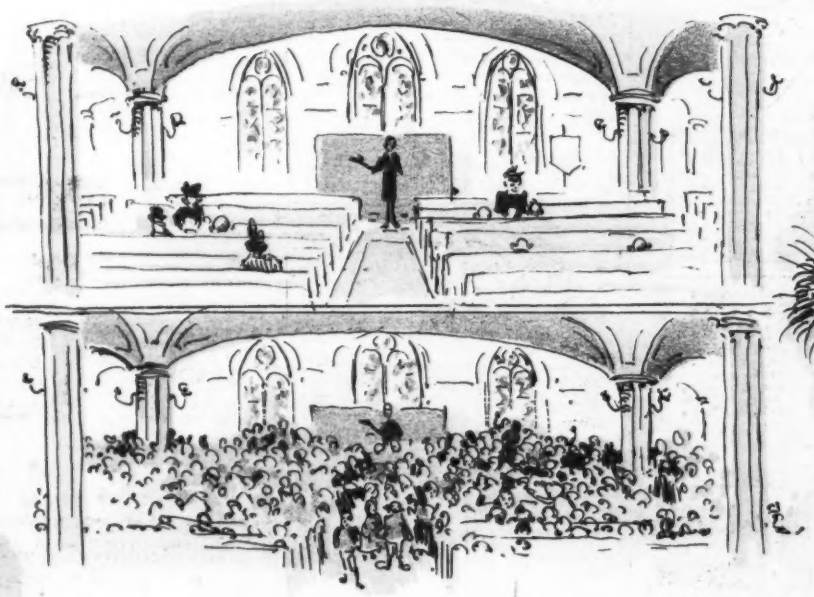

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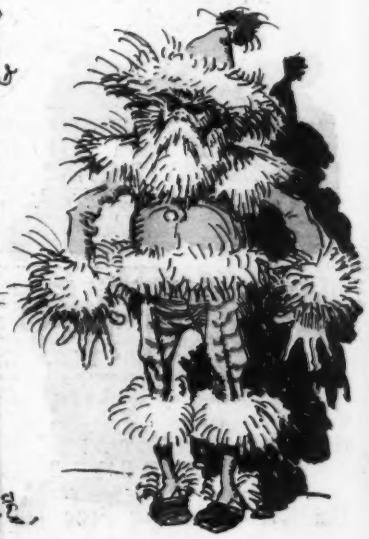

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